The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

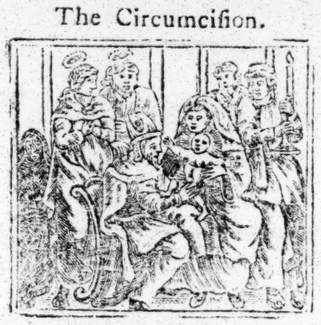
The Birth of Christ.

The Shepherds Worship Christ.

The Wise Mens Offering.

The Circumcision.

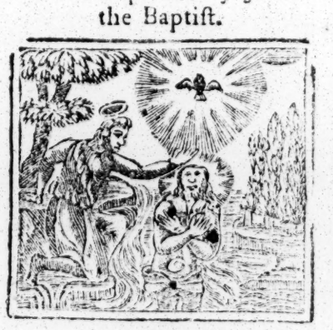
Joseph's Flight into Egypt.



Herod's Cruelty.

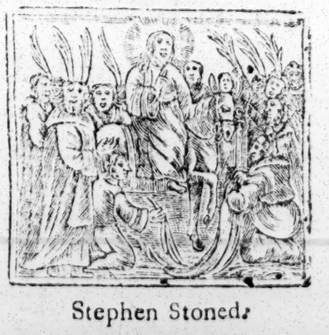
Christ Baptized by John the Baptist.

Christ tempted by Satan in the Wilderness.



Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.

The Marriage in Cana.



Stephen Stoned.

The Lord's Supper.

Christ's Ascension.

A COPY of VERSES humbly presented to all my worthy Masters and Mistresses In the Parish of East Greenwich, in the County of Kent,

By *John Wells*, Bellman and Cryer.

PROLOGUE.

THE circling Year once more its Round has fill'd,
When I again, howe'er in Verse unskill'd,
Must, as in Duty bound, this Homage pay
To my good Friends, my Life's Support and Stay;
Accept then what I offer, and excuse
The inharmonious Numbers of my Muse;
She can't exert herself beyond her Pow'rs,
No more than I asleep can cry the Hours.

On St. Michael.

WHEN the apostate Angels did rebel,
And for Presumption from their Glory fell,
They by St Michael and his Host, were driv'n
For ever from the glorious View of Heav'n;
Never their former Station to attain,
But in perpetual Darkness to remain.
Then learn from this on whom to place thy Thought,
Lest thou at last art to Destruction brought.

On St. Luke.

THE good St. Luke, with Truth directed Pen,
Reveal'd Christ's History to the Sons of Men;
Of pure Religion laid the sacred Plan,
And told the various Miracles to Man.
Ye Christians! fix in that your sole Delight,
And meditate his Works both Day and Night:
He was the Patron of all those that paint,
And would to God each Painter was a Saint.

On Crispin.

YE Sons of Crispin, happier far than any,
Who love to crack a Jest, and spend your Penny,
To-day be worldly Matters at a Stand,
Your Saint commands to take the Pot in Hand;
Then drink about, and merry be your Souls,
And so conclude the Night with flowing Bowls;
In vain with Wives, or Mistresses contend,
Whene'er you please you well know how to mend.

On St. Andrew.

ST. Andrew did the Paths of Bliss pursue,
And for his God all Pain, with Joy, went through,
Upon the Cross his Body freely gave,
As knowing Christ his better Part would save:
No human Torture could afford him Pain,
His Loss of Life was everlasting Gain:
Not all their Terrors could his Peace controul,
He lost his Body to preserve his Soul.

On St. Thomas.

ST. Thomas, faithless to what was him told,
Would not believe: but Mercy here behold!
The Lord appears, and doth his Wounds reveal,
Bids him to thrust his Fingers in and feel;
That so he might prove him his very God,
Because a Spirit has not Flesh and Blood:
But when convinc'd he forthwith did repent,
And all his Days to serve his Master spent.

On Christmas Eve.

MY Maids, my little Bell does me advise,
To wake and tell you it is Time to rise,
And make your rich mince'd Pies and dainty Tarts,
To feast this Christmas generous merry Hearts;
For now the Festival approaches near
When we shall all expect to taste your Cheer;
I doubt not but you will perform so well,
We scarce shall know which does the most excel.

On Christmas Day.

REjoice, ye happy Sons of Man, rejoice,
Your Praises join, with one united Voice;
No Harmony is able to display,
The Glory of this happy! happy Day!
Which to the Saviour of the World gave Birth,
And freed from Sin the Nations of the Earth:
In Songs of Joy, let us our Voices raise,
And, loudly sing our great Redeemer's Praise.

On St. Stephen.

THE Paths of Martyrdom St. Stephen trod,
And bravely suffer'd for the Love of God;
Tho' Show'rs of Stones upon his Body pour,
Calmly he stood, and all with Patience bore;
Heaven was the Prospect that he had in View,
And begg'd of God to spare his Murd'rers too.
This great Example, let us imitate,
And bear with Patience all the Turns of Fate.

On St. John.

THIS pious Saint was of a Temper mild,
And justly the belov'd Disciple styl'd;
His Mind no Fear, nor cruel Dangers knew,
His God was with him, and to him he flew:
Yet after all, and painful Penance past,
He did to Patmos Isle retire at last:
For all in vain they strove to take his Breath,
And when retir'd, he dy'd a nat'ral Death.

On Innocents Day.

UNHAPPY Times, when Children must assuage
The barb'rous Fur. of a Tyrant's Rage:
The Parents quake at these his vile Commands,
And strive to save their Offspring from his Hands.—
What Deed more horrid? What more dreadful Act,
Than Herod's was, could Cruelty transact?
To kill our Saviour, was what Herod meant,
But one Divine oppos'd the black Intent.

On New-Year's Day.

THE New-Year's come again, and Heaven knows,
How very few may live to see it close;
Life is precarious, and not in our Power,
To save us one whole Year, no not an Hour;
If then we have our former Years misspent,
To mend in this, let it be our intent:
And live so well as we may Death defy,
And fear no Terrors when we come to die.

On Twelfth Day.

PLUMB Cakes are now as plenteously display'd,
As Cloaths in Monmouth-Street, all ready made;
But with this Difference you must understand,
You can't buy Cakes, like Clothes, at Second-hand;
All new and sugar'd up for this Night's Pastime,
In chusing King and Queen; and I the last Time
So well remember, I shall ne'er forget,
They gave your Bellman a delicious Bit.

On the King.

HAppy great George, with Heav'n's Gifts endu'd,
That's always striving for the Nation's good,
Who still improves the Pow'r kind Heav'n has lent,
And willing all his Subjects to content;
Long may he here Britannia's Sceptre sway,
And all with one accord his Pow'r obey;
When Death shall take him to eternal Rest,
May he remain for ever with the Blest.

On the Royal Family.

WITH Pleasure let us view Great-Britain's Heir,
Together with the other Royal Fair,
As Pledges of our future Happiness,
To whom we ought to wish all good Success;
For whilst our glorious Race shall Reign, we're sure
Our Liberties and Laws will be secure,
The Protestant Religion firmly stand,
And Peace and Plenty flow throughout the Land.

On the Sailors.

HAIL! noble Sailors, and your jolly Crew,
Our Wealth and Safety much depends on you;
Who cross the Globe, and plow the rising Wave,
You Fight our Foes, and boldly Dangers brave.
Call Heaven to witness that your Vows are true,
You'll stand by George, as God shall stand by you;
Then future Ages shall with pleasure know,
Proud Gallia's Fleet was conquer'd by brave Howe.

To my Masters.

FAvours receiv'd will ever strongly bind,
And raise Requitals in a grateful Mind;
But I, alas! no Prospect have in View,
To pay, great Sirs, the Debt I owe to you:
Then take my poor Endeavour in good Part,
And spare my Weakness for my willing Heart:
For Favours past my Thanks are justly due,
Admit your Bellman lives in Hopes of New.

To my Mistresses.

MY Virtuous Mistresses, if I neglect
To pay to you the most profound Respect,
I justly then shou'd be accounted rude,
But Heaven forbid such base Ingratitude!
In constant Favours I your Bounty find,
So truly good, so charitably kind,
That I the Immortal Being must implore,
To bless you all, and multiply your Store.

To the Young Men.

YOUNG Men are apt to think themselves most wise,
Too prone to glory in the Works of Vice;
But give good Ear, ye Youths, to what I say,
True Honour lies where Virtue leads the Way:
For in the Paths of Sin you'll nothing find
But Stings of Conscience, and a guilty mind;
Altho' the courts you like a Lady fair,
Yet be advis'd, and shun the fatal Snare.

To the Maids.

GLORY not in your Beauty pretty Maid,
The finest Flower is most apt to fade.
Then do not thus your Youthful Days misuse,
Nor a good Offer scornfully refuse;
Yet still beware on whom your Favours smile,
Lest Man, deceitful Man! should you beguile:
If Virtue be your Pilot, never fear,
She to the Port of Bliss will quickly steer.

EPILOGUE.

NOW having finish'd what I first begun,
And thro' my various Subjects having run,
Well pleas'd I've done, I now lay down my Pen,
Till Christmas calls to take it up again;
My Pray'rs to God shall ever rise that he,
May well reward your Liberality,
My Duty I with cheerfulness will do,
And always strive their Favours to renew.

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Where Catalogues, Hand Bills, Club Orders, Tradesmen's Cards and Shop Bills, &c. are neatly printed, at the most reasonable Rates, and on the shortest Notice.

Judas Betrays Christ.

Peter denies Christ.

Christ's Crucifixion.

The Resurrection.